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THE EARTH AND ITS PRODUCTS.

THE painting from which the engraving now before the reader is copied is by Nicholas Lancret, a celebrated painter of the French school. It is entitled "The Earth," which title doubtless owes its origin to such georgics as Virgil and other poets have composed. A verse under an old engraving from this picture tells us that "the earth is the mother of every blessing, but that it is only by the labour of her children that she will yield her increase;" and this, in true courtly style, Lancret has pictured out in his design. At the foot of an elegant fountain sit a marquis and a high-born lady, enjoying the pleasures of the field and admiring a bunch of flowers. Behind this couple, another company, that might possibly pass for the Graces in the dresses of ladies of fashion, are arranging a large supply of the richest fruits; while another lady stands under the branch of a fruit-tree to receive in her robe other gifts of Pomona. Standing on a ladder, and gathering the fruit, is one who is doubtless another marquis, in the disguise of a peasant. The two gardeners, one digging the earth, and the other watering the plants, we may regard as lords or viscounts, for there is over all the picture that air of elegant refinement which forbids all notion of plebeian rustics. The instruments of labour are beautiful in form, and designed with the utmost amount of taste. We look in vain for Hodge the ploughman, or Mabel with her shining sickle; these are metamorphosed into the denizens of palace courts, and, in place of a delightful landscape, we have trees arranged with all the skill of modern gardening, and an elegant marble fountain supplied from the waters of Versailles. Art is contrasted with nature, and the charm of the country is sacrificed to the taste of the age. Against this some have protested. Diderot launched out against it as "a factitious and degenerate school of art." He says, the depraved state of colouring, characters, expression, and drawing, "has followed, step by step, the depraved state of public morals."

In the preface which Saint Lambert attached to his poem of "The Seasons," we find an elaborate dissertation on the union of pastoral life with the gallantry of the court, which was the fashion in France during the most brilliant period of the last century; but Saint Lambert only saw nature in his own beautiful gardens, as viewed from the windows of his chateau; and Lancret illustrated Lambert. Apart, however, from these criticisms, the picture is very beautiful, and affords sufficient indication of what the painter could accomplish. In some of his productions he fell into the fashion of the times; but the design and execution are both admirable, the groups are tastefully arranged, and there is an air of surpassing grace over the whole composition. More than this, the painting is a fair sample of Lancret's peculiar style of art.

NICHOLAS LANCRET was born at Paris in 1690. After studying painting under several masters, he at length became intimate with Watteau, whose friendship he cultivated, and whose style he adopted. This evident imitation of the great master is seen in all the works of his talented disciple, but still each has retained his own distinguishing characteristics, as may be observed by comparing their varied productions.

In 1793, Lancret was received into the Academy, under the title of the *Peintre des fêtes galantes*. He was the favourite of fortune, and rose rapidly to high renown. The court patronised him, and the king admitted him to his councils; he frequented the saloons of the bravest, the wisest, and the wittiest, and was everywhere distinguished by the highest tokens of approbation. He was one of the gayest gallants of the time, and his life was passed in the brightest sunshine of prosperity. But death will come, even into kings' palaces, and at the age of fifty-three Lancret died. He left no children.

The title of *Peintre des fêtes galantes*, characterises the talent of Lancret. He painted nature, but it was nature adorned, arranged, and coloured after the most approved style of fashion—nature, such as one sees at the opera. He manufactured an artificial nature, made up of all the elegances of a well ordered garden, "a painted pasteboard, varnished, and

perfumed nature, with rouge for a complexion and powder for hair." Like his friend Boucher, he seems to have lived and died in a boudoir hung with rose-coloured silk; and indeed when that painter assured him that nature was too green and too badly lighted, Lancret replied, "I concur in your sentiments, nature is wanting in harmony and attraction." He painted what he conceived nature *ought* to be, and his figures too often resembled marionettes.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

FORGIVE and forget—it is better
To fling every feeling aside
Than allow the deep cankering fetter
Of revenge in thy breast to abide;
For thy step through life's path shall be lighter,
When the load from thy bosom is cast,
And the sky that's above thee be brighter
When the cloud of displeasure is past.

Though thy spirit swell high with emotion
To give back an injustice again,
Let it sink in oblivion's ocean,
For remembrance increases the pain.
And why should we linger in sorrow,
When its shadow is passing away?
Or seek to encounter to-morrow
The blast that o'erswept us to-day?

Oh, memory's a varying river,
And though it may placidly glide
When the sunbeams of joy o'er it quiver,
It foams when the storm meets its tide.
Then stir not its current to madness,
For its wrath thou wilt ever regret;
Though the morning beams break on thy sadness,
Ere the sunset forgive and forget.

MONKEYS.

"Meddling monkey—busy ape."—*Shakspeare*.

WHOEVER is familiar with the travelling menageries, — once the almost exclusive depositories of Natural History, — and especially with the invaluable collections of our Zoological Gardens, need not to be informed that large, interested, and amused groupings take place continually, about the receptacles of the monkey tribes. In writing in reference to them, therefore, we feel that our subject is an attractive one, and we offer it as an appendage to those personal observations which, happily, vast multitudes of the community have such abundant opportunity to enjoy and improve.

If any one now addressed will take down an atlas, open it at Europe, which forms a page of it, and then place a finger on the rock of Gibraltar, the only spot will be touched in this great division of the globe, where any one of these creatures is found in a wild state. The Barbary ape, an aboriginal of the opposite coast of Africa, appears to have become naturalised there; the present race being descended, most probably, from individuals which, at some period, have escaped from confinement, or have been purposely introduced.

The genus *Simia*, as naturalists designate the ape and monkey tribes, are exclusively confined to the warmer latitudes of the old and new continents, thronging in multitudes the deep forests of the torrid zone, and occasionally wandering into the more cultivated portions of the adjacent districts for fruits or grain.

New Holland, abounding with singular animals, has no monkeys, and they are as yet unknown in the Island of Madagascar. The monkeys of the *Old* and *New* World are, therefore

regarded as forming two *subgenera*, each including numerous groups. And it is particularly worthy of remark, that these two divisions of the globe possess their peculiar tribes; the *Simiæ* of the Old World being never found in America, and those of the New World never appearing anywhere else.

The American species may always be distinguished by the lateral position of the nostrils, between which there intervenes a considerable space. Another peculiarity is as easily remembered; for no American species has ever been discovered in which the tail is wanting; on the contrary, in many of these animals that organ is endowed with the singular power of prehension,—the tail acting as another hand,—a circumstance which never occurs in any species proper to Asia or Africa. The spider monkeys, for example, are, when on the ground, indescribably awkward and embarrassed, dragging themselves along with difficulty and pain, while their loosely-jointed limbs appear to yield them no support. But they were not formed to live like tortoises. Their proper sphere is not on the ground, but on the trees of the wood and the forest. There, as well as in the miniature representations of them which are now so accessible, they appear all life and agility; traversing the smallest branches with the utmost ease and rapidity, suspending themselves, at pleasure, by the tail, and swinging from one bough to another far beyond with the most consummate address. One other peculiarity occurs in what is popularly termed the thumbs of the *Simiæ*; that part being, in some instances, very partially developed, in others reduced to a mere rudiment, and in others entirely wanting.

Of the imitative powers of these creatures there are innumerable instances. The Indians, aware of this, wishing to collect cocoa-nuts and other fruits, go to the woods which are generally frequented by apes and monkeys, gather a few heaps of produce from the trees, and then retire. As soon as they have withdrawn, these animals fall to work, imitate eagerly everything they have observed, and when they have gathered together a considerable number of heaps, they fly to the trees as they see the Indians approach, and the booty is carried home by those who did not collect it.

These animals are often put to a still greater disadvantage. As some of them are fond of spirituous liquors, a person places within their sight a number of vessels filled with ardent spirits, pretends to drink, and then retires. The monkeys, all attention to what has been going on, now descend from the trees, imitate what they have observed, become intoxicated, fall asleep, and—like humanity itself in similar circumstances—become an easy conquest to their cunning adversaries.

A baboon, possessed by the celebrated traveller, Le Vaillant, was rendered serviceable by him in more ways than one, and that without any loss to the sagacious animal. The name given to this creature was Kees. Kees drew roots from the ground by a method which was, at once, very ingenious and amusing. He laid hold of the herbage with his teeth, placed his fore feet against the ground, and, drawing back his head, gradually pulled out the root. In this expedient, Kees tasked his whole strength; but, if it did not succeed, he laid hold of the leaves as before, as close to the ground as possible, and then threw himself heels over head, which gave such a concussion to the root, that it never failed to reward his device.

Nor did Le Vaillant omit to turn it to advantage. "I made Kees," he says, "my taster. Whenever we found fruits or roots with which my Hottentots were unacquainted, we did not touch them till he had tasted them. If he threw them away, we concluded that they were either of a disagreeable flavour, or of a pernicious quality, and left them untasted."

But Kees, like the rest of his race, gluttonous and inquisitive, without necessity or appetite, wishing for everything that fell in his way or was given him, was sufficiently sagacious, whenever he pleased, to make a broad distinction between *meum* and *tuum*. Thus Le Vaillant says:—"I often took Kees with me when I went a hunting; and when he saw me preparing for sport, he exhibited the most lively demonstrations of joy. On the way, he would climb into the trees to look for gum, of which he was very fond. Sometimes he discovered to me honey, deposited in hollow trees, or the clefts of rocks.

But if he happened to have met with neither honey nor gum, and his appetite had become sharp by his running about, I always witnessed a very ludicrous scene.

"In those cases he looked for roots, which he ate with great eagerness, especially a particular kind, which, to his cost, I also found to be very well tasted and refreshing, and therefore insisted on sharing with him. But Kees was no fool. As soon as he found such a root, and I was not near enough to seize upon my share of it, he devoured it in the greatest haste, keeping his eyes all the while riveted on me. He accurately measured the distance I had to pass before I could get to him, and I was sure of coming too late. Sometimes, however, when he had made a mistake in his calculation, and I came upon him sooner than he expected, he endeavoured to hide the root, in which case I compelled him, by a box on the ear, to give me up my share. But this treatment caused no malice between us; we remained as good friends as ever."

The mandrill, or ribbed-faced baboon, is the most conspicuous of the three animals presented to the eye in the annexed engraving. It usually measures five feet in height, when full grown. The head is very large in proportion to the size of the body. The face, which is naked, presents a very remarkable appearance, in the cheeks being of a clear violet-blue colour, with various oblique furrows. This elevation is produced by a singular development of the bone, which forms a socket for the roots of the immense canine teeth, furrowed also obliquely. A bright vermilion line begins a little above the eyes, runs down the nose, and spreads over the lip. The eyes are small, but acute and sparkling, their irides being of a fine hazel colour. The hair on the sides of the head is long, mostly growing upwards, and terminating on the crown in an acute pointed form. The beard is long, erect, and of a yellowish hue. The whole body is covered with stiff bristly-like hairs, each of which is annulated with black and yellow. The hands are small, taper, and well made. The arms and chest are extremely muscular.

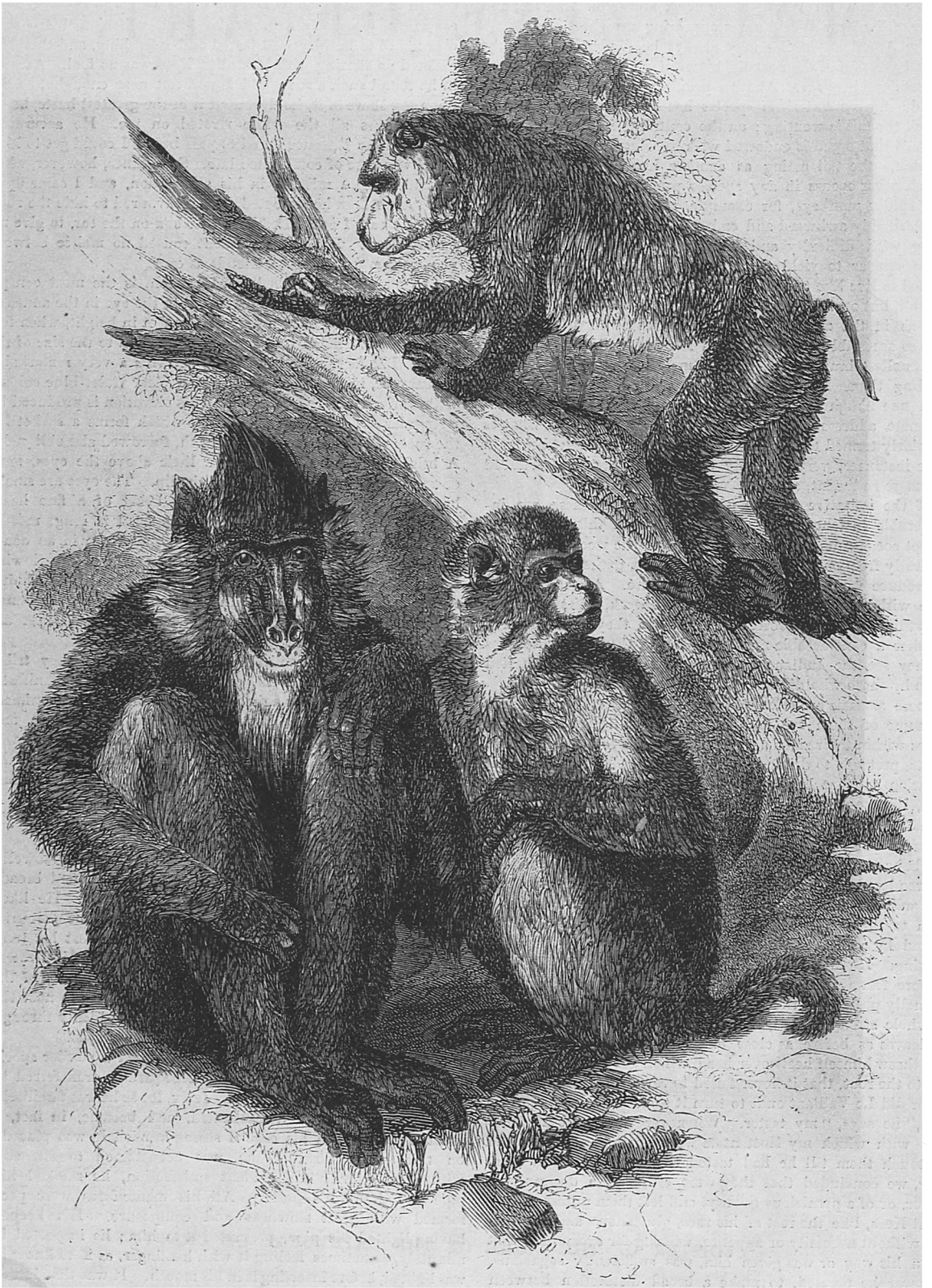
The food of the mandrill, like that of the monkey tribe, generally consists of fruit, grain, and roots. It manifests, however, a fondness for animal diet. On one of these animals being tried with a live bird, he destroyed it by a bite, and devoured it, after stripping it of its feathers. A rabbit was then given him, which he instantly killed by a bite across the back, and he was about to devour it, when the dead animal was removed. Nor is this taste one merely of maturity. A young mandrill in one of our collections, relished exceedingly the boiled meat which was added to his vegetables.

One of these creatures, which was exhibited in Wombwell's menagerie, was fond of carrots, fruits, potatoes, and bread; and was very partial to nuts, which he cracked. He liked fermented liquors, and ginger-beer was one of his favourite beverages. Though much indulged, he never lost his treacherous disposition. "On one occasion," says Captain Brown "when Mr. Wombwell was showing me the consistence of the callosity on his nose, I happened to put my face too near the bars of his cage, when he forced his hands suddenly through them, and had nearly deprived me of one of my eyes."

The menagerie of Mr. Cross also presented a similar specimen of the mandrill, which was subsequently transferred to the Zoological Gardens, London. Jerry, for so he was familiarly called, was far more domesticated, and became, in fact, a great favourite. In his cage a strong arm chair was placed; on this, when directed, he was accustomed to sit, and with great gravity and evident satisfaction, he smoked his pipe and drank his porter. All his manœuvres were performed with great slowness and composure. His keeper having lighted his pipe, presented it to him; he inspected it minutely, sometimes feeling it with his finger, as if to know it was lighted, before inserting it in his mouth. It was then introduced, almost up to the bowl, but with that part generally downwards, and it was retained without any appearance of smoke for some minutes, during which time Jerry filled his cheek-pouches and capacious mouth, and would then exhale a volume, filling his cage from his mouth, nose, and sometimes even his ears. He does not appear, however, to have greatly

relished this process, for a bribe of gin-and-water was in general promised before its commencement, and at its close it was

to have dined at Windsor on hashed venison, in the presence of King George or King William IV. But he was still the



MANDRILL, OR RIBBED-FACED BAROON, MAGOT, AND PIG-TAILED MAGOT.

duly paid by a goblet of this liquid being handed to him, which he lost no time in discussing. He preferred for his diet, cooked vegetables, with meat; and on one occasion he is said

mandrill; his voice was harsh and guttural; and however calm he might be, his eyes betrayed the savage of the forest.